do. Though I'm too hurried to elaborate, if you will take the trouble to, you'll find a meaning in this I hope to your liking. No I'm just off everyone tomorrow, Saturday – Lucy Colebrook among them. Everything dreary dull begonen has accumulated. There is always the prelude even to crossing the Irish Channel. I'll write from the Coast. Lord how I long to be out on a rock in Mediea! I had a violent argument about religion me with Tom Eliot. He's of your persuasion. So please write, contrary though we are. V.

NYPL

Rec'd 2.4.63

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"BAY HOTEL, GOODWICK."
TELEPHONE—FISHGUARD No. 34.

Other Hotels under
G.W.R. Co.'s Management:
GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL,
PADDINGTON STATION.
TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL,
ST. IVES, CORNWALL.
MANOR HOUSE HOTEL,
Nr. MORETONHAMPSTEAD, DEVON.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY HOTELS

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL,
GOODWICK,
PEMBROKESHIRE.

Friday 27th April 1934

The sea is mountainy, a gale is
blowing, so perhaps, with luck,
I shall never see England
again, but rise about 2 this
morning, & fulfil your hopes)
mean. Lee God.
Here down all across Wales
today in storms & sudden
bursts of sunlight when all
the sheep & the gorse bloomed
white & yellow. The finest
thing in England is Salisbury
Plain, & mean. till your

Cursed army hefthered about with hats + bugle calls. How the Druids must hate the Colonels! But I'm too dazed to make that chapter of English history. We are sitting in the hotel lounge, with a couple of shooting sentry, who read out from the Times about Cricket. I try to read Proust. Then the - the wife - exclaims "But isn't it very odd to try a Steeplechase flat racing?" which he calls with some marvellous 'put' — is that the way you spell it. Lord how I wish I could be them! Them faces have a perfect integrity, a perfect predictability, that seems to me to prove that the worst is what they say, + all our alarms are mere flurry.

How calm, how right, how

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Rota 2. p. 63

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2

deeply rooted they are! Surely they know — oh everything. But they will talk, so I can't write. The lady has just said aloud & cheerfully that she has strained her inside & must see a doctor. Now, I could cry that aloud in the lounge. Well, at midnight — we cross, & ~~then~~ then stay with Etta Bowen at Kildowney & then go to Galway & then to Arran, & then to Dublin.

She is going to have a

whisky + soda. They have rung
the bell. Now I couldn't
do that in the lounge of a
hotel. No, I just open with
you. I have missed the bull's
eye, & hit only half the rim, the
white. "Can I have a small
whisky & soda please?"
Yes. That the way to say it.
Well Ethel, this very interesting
letter must cease. I can't
read Proust though. What do
you think of Proust? I'm reading
Sodom & Gomorrhe — here the
small whisky & soda — now how
much they drink it! She is
knitting. "One six for that tiny
shot!" Scott goes on. I
don't think Society is quite so out-
of-reference as P. makes out.
But you have lived with Duchesses
so tell me — V.

Rota 2.4.63

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52 T.S. Wednesday. 16 May 1934

Mrs D-d influenza (though temp. not over 101)
has landed me in bed & role a complete
despair about human life. Oh Lor! To
think how I had planned to write
write! And to go to Fidelio! Well
it can't be helped. We're off to Rodmell
tomorrow for Whitsun. But how does
one ever regain those moral heights when
it seems right to look down on one's fellows,
& take them in hand & lay down the law? I'm
so humble you wouldn't know me.

V

52 T. S.

Monday

Ex. Indeed Lady B. is perfectly right —
that introduction is a bad habit.
And the longer I live the less likely it
seem that one person can possibly
understand another. So let us leave it
at that. No, Wednesday is
useless. as I am seeing Tom Eliot
whom perhaps you think silly nonsense. ?)

I think real hunting – another instance of
the difference above alluded to. Ah, I
think the Nely affair is dishatched, – Now
trying another experiment; but my mind
which has been chiefly occupied today & yesterday
in bathing & servants upon to function. I'm
delighted that you saw old Sue Lush: the
Jenkinsons we called her when we were children –
I've hardly seen her since. Thank God the
workmen have just laid the carpets. & I'm
sorry to sadden both, & mostly you, so please pray
dear as you would say. God bless you V.

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ROTA 2.4.63

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Monday 21 May 1934

Yes, I liked your letter very much; but how can you ever write with a fountain pen? This is fountain pen, now writing. Disjointed, slippery. False, yet convenient. It's such a hell of a day—Bank holiday. A mist like a white mare's tail, only sylvan, over the marshes, & when I tried to walk there, I found 3 men in Gaberdines each with towels under their arms: frozen they looked like, how wretched pretending to enjoy this white fast. Lord how strong! So I came back & let the fire & read Proust, which is a boon so magnificent that I can't write upon others arc: that's true; for years I've put off finishing it: but now, thinking

I may, & indeed so they say must, die one of these days, I've returned, & let my own scribble do what it likes. Lord what a hotchpot had book mine with be! I tried to start it young: but it's verbose, foolish, all about hollow reds. At lunch I told L: who said anyhow one could learn it. Memoirs And then I hit the eve & read Mrs Wharton: & The Valley Mrs Hamlin, & probably you. Please tell me some time what you thought of her. Where the shell ga distinguished mind; I like the way the plain colour in her sentences, but I vaguely surmise that there's something you hated & loathed in her, Is there? But surely a mildly disbelieved theme is nothing worse? My old lazy brother just dead & buried — for ment ash Nena to tell the story of the funeral — lived 66 years with one, ate, drank like, two da boy, his heart ceased suddenly in a friend's house: but I'm sorry it mean Elizabeth whom I much like & what I hope to, is ill. Talk of my obstinacy, Dolly is not liking

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21. 5. 34

my letters to be quoted! I wrote one,
Casually, to an unknown but accredited
American the other day, hinting at a
mild literary scandal. The upshot
that the fair sent a friend of hers who is
publishing it in ~~Lad~~ the Atlantic monthly!
So that's why I write Rivals. or should,
in future.

Well Ethel what are you farming
farming on the front of your house?

V.